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The PHONO GRAM

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T W E L F T H N U M B E R

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PRINTED MONTHLY *for* THOSE INTERESTED IN PHONES, GRAPHS, GRAMS & SCOPES. DEVOTED TO THE ARTS OF RECORDING AND REPRODUCING SOUND.

OFFICIAL HANDBOOK *of* THE ORDER *of* THE PHONOGRAM.

Lists *of* New Records, pp. 220 & 221

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The PHONOGRAM

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PHONOGRAPH DREAMS.

By MR. OPENEER.

If there be dreams, it may be they are real or unreal.

Some dreams are of things that already are; of things that happen daily, unknown to the dreamer; who, awakening, finds his choice fancies have been dreamt by others.

Other dreams are of things that have been long since, likewise not of knowledge to the dreamer except as they present themselves in the dream. With awakening come comparisons, bringing home the consciousness that the dream is not new, but an old fact.

Yet other dreams there are, fanciful and prophetic. Imaginary, as viewed from the standpoint of practical prosaic to-day; but full of achievement for to-morrow.

Here follows a Phonograph Dream, "Who has ever Heard of a Phonograph Fire Alarm." It is similar in treatment to the Buoy Dream in May PHONOGRAM, and "Who has ever Heard of a Phonograph Typewriter" in the September number. So let the reader laugh if he can or weep if he must. Read with pleasure, profit or protest as the case may be. Shrug the shoulders at improbability or slap the thigh at fitness.

In all these Who-has-ever-heards there is much common sense and many possibilities; and should the central ideas of the several dreams become realities, the methods suggested would be of value to human progress. Far be it from me to belittle the attempts of earnest inventors to lighten the burden of the World's Sorrow. The Buoy Dream, if practical, would save life. All hail then, to the Phono-

(Continued on page two hundred and three)



A. L. SWEET.

Q



Q is a QUADRUPED
Quaking with fear
At the sound of the music
So loud and so near.

A CLEVER QUADRUPED.

A little terrier belonging to A. De Waal, proprietor of the Holland House, on Chestnut street, Nutley, made an hour's amusement for the guests of the hotel on Monday evening. A son of Mr. De Waal was repairing a Phonograph and for convenience placed the machine on the floor. When nearly completed it was noticed that the dog was deeply interested in the proceedings, and walked around examining the Phonograph closely. At last his curiosity led him to place his head in the horn, and begin to sniff. Young De Waal suddenly turned on a tune and the pup jumped up and down, trembling and quaking with alarm. The machine was stopped, and the dog repeated his investigation, when the music was started up again. This time, however, the dog did not jump back, but stood still, as though paralyzed. Again the music was stopped, but the dog did not move for a minute or two, and then deliberately walked up and placed one of his paws on the key, as though trying to start it up again. He was left to his own devices and accidentally started the tune. Then, to the amusement of those present, he started to jump, bark and roll over the floor in ecstasy, and from that time on for an hour made it apparent that he was pleased with the music.—From the Newark, N. J., *Call*.

TWO GOOD ONES FROM PHILADELPHIA.

The Phonographic Enunciator for street cars is a new device to relieve the overworked conductor of the trouble of shouting the names of streets, while giving passengers a better chance to understand when they have arrived at their destinations.

It is a Phonograph of peculiar pattern, and is intended to be placed above the door at the forward end of the car. The record cylinder which it contains has inscribed on it in a series, the names of the streets to be crossed on the route. On approaching a crossing the conductor presses a button, and the apparatus yells: "Nineteenth Street! Change for West Philadelphia!"

Any place of special interest may be similarly announced, such as a theatre, a big shop or a hotel.

It is claimed by the inventor that his contrivance is equally applicable to a railroad car. An "enunciator" being installed in each such passenger vehicle, the brakeman will not be obliged to put his head through the door and shout some unintelligible Choctaw. On the contrary, the duty of communicating information about stations will be relegated to the instrument, which, before a stopping-place is reached, will, at the touch of a button by the conductor—one button will do for all the cars on a train—make the requisite announcement in a clear and audible voice.

Another inventor has just patented a Phonographic fire-alarm, which, on the breaking out of fire in a building provided with the apparatus, "causes the transmission of an audible signal, giving, in the tones of the human voice, the exact location of the fire both to parties in the vicinity and, by telephone, to the fire department." In other words, the rise of temperature in its neighborhood so actuates it as to cause it automatically to telephone for the fire-engines and to shout a warning to the people who are in the house.—From the *Saturday Evening Post*.

R



R is a RESTAURANT;
Without any question
The *Phonograph* helps
As an aid to digestion.

THE PHONOGRAPH AS AN AID TO DIGESTION

"It's a great scheme, this having a Phonograph in restaurants, but it's in the rough yet." So spoke Mr. Smith, a regular habitue of the hash and draw one emporium. "Why not," he went on, "give what you might call a musical menu, a new song with every course, instead of grinding out the same old tune all through the meal."

"I have been thinking of the matter, and have burned a good lot of midnight oil," continued Smith, "and have gotten up, what I call quite a musical bill of fare," and he proceeded to pull a long roll of manuscript out of his inside pocket. Every one was attention at once, and the cook became so excited that he got two oysters in the stew, instead of the regulation one.

"Now," said Smith, "when your victim crosses the door, have the machine greet his ears with 'You'll Get All That's a Comin' to You,' and as he deposits his hat and umbrella on the rack, jolly him up with 'Gone, But Not Forgotten.' When the waiter comes up and condescends to wipe the knives and forks, and kindly asks him what he'll have, the tune ought to be, 'He Certainly Was Good to Me.' As he kindly assists the fly to get out of the soup he could be cheered to his rescue work by the stirring melody of 'Pull For the Shore, Sailors,' and what could be more reassuring to a man eating sausages than to hear from the Phonograph the chorus of 'Old Dog Tray Ever Faithful'? If the customer orders eggs, 'I'm Not So Young as I Used to Be,' would prepare him for any little unpleasantness that might arise after he had opened them to the accompaniment of 'Break it Gently.'

“There’s lots in it,” said Smith, “and I don’t see why it isn’t a good thing. Of course mistakes should be guarded against. It would never do to let a man hear as he opens the door to go out, ‘I Don’t Care if You Never Come Back.’ That might make him mad. Some such tune as ‘Linger Longer, Lucy,’ or ‘Some Day We’ll Wander Back Again,’ would be more appropriate.”

At this juncture the music box in the corner struck up ‘Where is My Wandering Boy To-night’ and Smith, glancing at the clock, remarked that his wife would be waiting for him, folded up his manuscript and left.—From the *Union*, Manchester, N. H.

A TIP TO MESSRS DENNETT AND CHILDS.

C. E. Wettergreen runs a Phonograph in connection with his lunch cart.—From the *Mail*, Malden, Mass.

PHONOGRAPH WAS A SURE PROPHET.

A prophetic Phonograph is the latest discovery, but it is hardly probable that it will be classed as an addition to scientific lore.

Yesterday afternoon when two detectives walked into a Market Street Phonograph and Moving Picture Parlor with a warrant for the arrest of the proprietor, a Phonograph howled forth in cheerful tones: “There’ll be no show here to-night” to a rag-time air of reckless mirth.

“I guess that’s about right,” said the detective.

It was, and the raid went on.—From the *Philadelphia Press*.

(Continued from page one ninety-five)

graph Buoy ! The Typewriter Dream would make letter writing simplicity itself. Hasten, O Oshkosh One, the fulfillment of thy prophecy ! And the Fire Alarm Dream would be worth untold millions to the underwriters. Mosey ! and quickly too, O Western Fire Chief ! And so also is it with other Who-has-ever-heards that shall follow, in coming numbers of THE PHONOGRAM; of all, a good word may be said. Of none do I wish to decry the tentative value. 'Twould be both rash and unkind. Had I lived in the times of Elias Howe, how bitter would be my retrospect in these days of sewing machines for the millions, had I published a squib "Who has even heard of a machine needle," and had held it up to ridicule ? Or suppose I had jollied Eli Whitney about his cotton gin, or Burt and his writing machine, or joshed S. F. B. Morse with an article "Who has ever heard of a wire that talked ;" or Theodore Timby about his revolving turret, or McCormick and his reaper or Fulton or Stephenson or any one of the scores of inventors who dreamt their dreams and perfected them ? Rather let the reader of my Who-has-ever-heards look upon them as mild sarcasms on the tendency of the age to go off at half cock as the saying is, or as gentle satires on the fallacy of rushing into print.

Therefore, gentle reader, should a dream be dreamt, ponder it well and long and privily before telling the world. You all dream dreams ; some that are, already, some that have been and some that will be. Have a care ! Your dream may be a will-be and perhaps good one. It is not given to all to be great inventors. 'Twould be a sorry world if such were so. But, on the possibility that yours may be the name that lives in the twenty hundreds by reason of

your dream, think it over silently, carefully, secretly; and do not give it a name or put it into words until it is ripe and rounded.

So, above all things, you who are interested in Phonographs and who read my Phonograph Dreams, promptly and solemnly resolve (and as promptly acquit the resolution), to buy an Edison Phonograph; and dream a dream or two yourself. Something *might* come of it.

WHO HAS EVER HEARD OF A PHONO- GRAPH FIRE ALARM?

A long way after George Ade.

A PUBLICITY FABLE.

There was Once a Western Fire Chief who had a General Idea of Himself. He also knew his Business from the Ground Up. He heard of the Hall of Fame discussion and thought a Think. Taking himself by the Button Hole, he mused thusly. "See here George, What Is Life anyhow? You Run with the Machine to Fires, and Consume your Vital Energy; and when you die they send your Widow a Floral Piece done in Chrysanthemums and Immortelles with this motto 'Gone to His Last Fire' and that's the End. What I want is Fame! so's to get my Name on a Slab along with Fulton, Morse, Peter Cooper and George Washington."

Being a Man of Action he immediately Acted.

First he filed a Basic Patent, which also covered all Known and Unknown Combinations of Phonographs and all kinds of Talking machines with Telephones, Telegraphs and all kinds of transmitting Devices. For, he Argued,

“Trusts may come and Trusts may go, but the Basic Patent is a Cinch. Amen.”

And he was Dead Right. Yes Indeed.

He called his Patent “The Phonograph Fire Alarm.” George picked out this particular article to patent, because he had Quite Some Experience with Fire Alarms and Knew they were pretty much on the Bum, in General. George also divined that to Become Famous with a big F he must pose as a Benefactor of the Human Race. A Good Fire Alarm would save Life and Property, and the Kind and Loving World would appreciate Such, especially the Property Saving Claims of the Invention.

George was not Born Yesterday.

He Talks thus about his Invention :

“It is unnecessary to discuss the great necessity and demand for some effective means to arrest the fearful and ever increasing onslaughts of fire upon the property of the country and the lives of its inhabitants.

“Fire statistics are indeed startling, and are becoming more and more so every year. The institution of insurance, by which property losses are distributed among a large number of policy holders, is unquestionably a good one, but it cannot bring the dead to life; neither can it restore to the wealth of the world what fire has taken from it.

“Inventive genius has been toiling for years to solve the problem—but means for preventing fires have not yet been discovered, and probably never will be. Means for battling against fire after discovery, however, have been well nigh perfected. This being the case, it follows that quick detection of the presence of fire is of the utmost importance. My Phonographic alarm, without human intervention and with the aid of nothing but the fire itself,

instantly notifies the proper persons long before any material damage can be done and when the flames can be easily controlled.

“Small and very simple instruments, very sensitive to changes of temperature, and known as Tasimeter-Thermostats or heat detectors, are fastened to the ceiling or other appropriate parts of the building.

“Whenever the temperature in the vicinity of any one of these Tasimeter-Thermostats reaches the operating degree, the electric circuit is instantly completed. Right here it is that my telephonic transmitters get in their fine work.

“Each transmitter is provided with Phonographic Cylinders containing a set of words precisely describing the location of the fire, and when the temperature reaches a certain point, the thermostats automatically switch the Phonographs in front of the transmitters, and set them at work unreeling the telltale words which are heard over the wire at the fire engine station, informing the firemen where they should go.

“A fire alarm is useless if it isn't prompt. Every second saved at the beginning of a fire saves hours of fighting later on. My combined Tasimeter-Thermostat-Phonograph-Telephone acts instantly, informs immediately and definitely and saves the seconds that are so precious at the start of a conflagration.

“Then again my combination don't send in any false alarms, owing to my improved Tasimeter-Thermostat. It is a well known fact, with the existing so called Automatic Alarms, that Fire Department Authorities are prejudiced against alarms recorded by them. They respond to such alarms with less alacrity than they otherwise

would; to say nothing of the great annoyance and expense also resulting from them. It is said that any one fairly conversant with the subject can at once tell upon sight of the department answering an alarm in New York City, whether it is sent in the regular way or an 'automatic,' by simply noting the degree of speed with which the engines move through the streets. Not so with mine."

Here ends George's Talk-talk.

This Western Fire Chief, you will note, is Second to None when it comes to Plastering the Taffy on thick or in casting Nuggets at Himself. Indeed his Scaling Ladder Performances are of the Highest Efficiency. His Hitchup to any Subject is always like Lightning and his Life-line work, on Himself, has always proved the Pride and Envy of all Beholders. He can Throw a $1\frac{1}{4}$ -inch Stream of Talk-talk 315 feet horizontally and 185 feet Vertically without the slightest Fear of Rupture.

Equipped with his Basic Patents and a Steam Pressure of 300 Pounds, he next Exploited his Invention in Gotham; and having Created a Favorable Impression with some Ice Trusts Magnates, George bethought himself of Yet Further Steps on the Road to Fame.

The Paris Exposition struck him. So he equipped a Company of Cracks, clothed them in Gorgeous Duds and started with a trained Fire Engine, three trained Horses, trained Scaling Ladders Etc., Etc., for the Fair. He tipped off the Metropolitan Press and they Tumbled to the Extent of several Column-Write-ups. All this time the Hall Of Fame Bee was Buzzing in his Bonnet. He Never Let Go of the Central idea. When he reached London with his Aggregation, he Cabled *The Sun* and they gave him a send off which was copied by three fourths

of the Papers of the Land. The Press Clipping Bureau which had contracted with George to make Excerpts from the newspapers at the flat rate of five a month, found itself overwhelmed; for George didn't let on that he was a Dark Horse. His Private Secretary filled Tome after Tome with Clippings. The Fire Fighters were sent to Paris on a Special—another Cable and another Raft of Excerpts. According to George's story, they captured the Exposition. There were 10,000 Firemen from all over the World; from Turks to Patagonians; but the Western Fire Chief lifted the Cup in spite of them all—another Cable to the New York Dailies and another flood of clippings from All Over The Land.

When they returned via London, George hired the Crystal Palace for a week and gave Exhibitions to the Lunnoners—another Cable to the Home Country (showing how the Hall Of Fame idea was still working). Then he allowed the Moving Picture People to photograph his Troupe; with result that all the Theatres in England and the Continent made nightly Showings of the Great Western Fire Chief's Company of Fire-Cracks. By the time Sailing Day came, the Aggregation was obliged to come over to New York in Two Sections on different steamers; and at last accounts George was speculating if the western Town would be large enough to hold them when they reached Home.

MORAL.—When you have an Idea, push it along. Great Lakes From Little Springlets Grow. Publicity is Easy if you Know How.

DIDN'T KNOW THE KINETOSCOPE WAS LOADED.

"The biograph, or mutoscope, or kinetograph or whatever you call the blamed thing," remarked the Chicago drummer for wind mills, "is really one of the greatest inventions of this age of inventions, and as a means of making interesting historical records it is without a rival; it also makes other kinds of records, and I may add, as pertinent to my story, that it is sometimes loaded. How do I know? Because I have been up before it when it went off and it didn't miss me a little bit.

"Now, don't interrupt me and I'll tell you just how it happened. I guess I'm not much different from the rest of the chaps on the road who have wives at home, and in most of the towns I visit I have some very pleasant acquaintances to whom I pay a few scattered attentions now and then. Of course I would just as soon my wife knew about it as not, but she is a jealous little body, so I don't say anything to her, except to tell how dreadfully lonesome I get when far from home among strangers who don't care whether I live or die. You see it makes her mind easy and a lie more or less doesn't make any great difference; we've all got plenty to spare.

"Well, one day in September last, I struck a town in Indiana where there was a big celebration going on, and when I had found that my customers were too busy with it to talk to me about buying goods, I knocked off work and went around to call on a young woman of my acquaintance and get her to go out and see the show. It was of sufficient importance to demand the attention of the kinetoscope people and they had a couple o. cameras on the street

catching moving pictures. My companion and I, in the course of our rambles, walked right up to the mouth of one of the machines and we thought it was a great joke.

“I never gave it another thought, and it had passed clear out of my mind, until one night in November when I was at home for three or four days to vote. My wife and I thought it would be nice to go to a continuous performance show, a feature of which was a kinetoscope with all the latest pictures of interest, so the bills said. We found the pictures fully up to what they were represented, and my wife was enjoying them hugely, and I was pleased because she was. I wasn't paying much attention, and really didn't notice what the man said who was introducing the pictures, when all at once my wife gave me a sudden jerk of the arm.

“ ‘What is it, my dear?’ said I, kind of waking up.

“ ‘Look at that,’ said she, nodding toward the picture then before us.

“ ‘What is it all about?’ said I, noticing that it was a scene of a great crowd on a street somewhere.

“ ‘Why,’ she said, jerking me as if I was a fish she had caught, ‘there's you in the crowd and there's a woman with you. Oh, John,’ and she sobbed like.

“ ‘Then I began to take notice, and by this time, too, the picture was moving on, bringing the crowd down the street, apparently coming right straight out into the audience, you know how they look in a kinetoscope, and, by the Jumping Jehosophat, there I was in that Indiana town with the woman hanging on my arm, laughing and talking, and pushed every which way by the other people, and having fun and my wife staring right at us and clutching my arm like a policeman making an arrest. At first we were quite

a way back in the crowd and there might have been a chance in a hundred that I could have denied my identity, but with every turn of the machine we kept coming closer, and when I made a weak attempt to laugh it off as a remarkable resemblance my wife gave another clutch at me.

“ ‘Oh, it’s you,’ she said, ‘it’s you. There’s that T. P. A. badge in your buttonhole.’ ”

“It was there all right and it was I, all right, but any jury in the world would have acquitted me on a failure to prove identity if it could have compared that laughing face I had on in that picture and the one I had on, out there in the audience with my wife looking at it. As we kept coming closer and getting larger on the screen till I thought we were a pair of giants, I believe my wife would have had hysterics, but just before that tragedy occurred the end of the film was reached and the picture suddenly disappeared in the darkness.

“That ended the show as far as we were concerned, because my wife insisted on my explaining myself, and I couldn’t do it at the show, so we got out on the street where I could get a chance to breathe, being by this time almost in a state of suffocation. Of course I could explain all right about the picture, but I couldn’t about the lies I had been telling her for five or six years, though she was a little easier on me when I told her I had done it for her peace of mind. She didn’t think two wrongs made a right, she said, but I argued with her and backed my arguments by a pretty diamond ring she had been wanting for a long time, and now we are on good terms again and she goes to every biograph show that comes along and I don’t tell her any more lies.”—From the *New York Sun*.

THE PHONOGRAM



THOMAS A. EDISON.

POINTS PERTAINING TO THE USE AND CARE OF THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH.

By C. W. NOYES.

(Commenced in December number.)

Chapter III. (concluded)

Should the Reproducer not track.

If the reproducer still has a tendency to jump the track, examine the limiting weight. This should have a free movement from side to side as far as the limit screw will allow and it should also move freely in its bearing at the hinge. If the hinge is tight remove the hinge pin and ream out center hole in the tongue of the weight. The tongue should fit the slot in the cup of reproducer to a nicety and should not be too tight or too loose. If too tight it will bind, and if too loose it will allow the weight to fall or tip to one side or the other; thus pulling the reproducer arm out of its track. The weight should be properly balanced and should lie straight with the surface of the record; that is, each side of the weight should be an equal distance from the record. If this is not the case the tongue of the weight should be bent with a small pair of pliers until the weight assumes a straight position with no tendency to tilt to one side or the other.

The lug on the limiting weight should also be carefully examined. This lug acts as a support or bearing for the reproducer stylus arm and the arm must fit the slot with a free up and down movement with but little or no side play. The reproducer arm must be perfectly straight. If it is bent, straighten it with pliers.

Another cause for reproducer not 'tracking,' is some-

times found in the clamps which hold the reproducer in the arm of the machine. Sometimes they are loose and this allows the reproducer to move around in its holder and by so doing causes the reproducer point to jump the track. This is easily remedied by tightening the clamp screws with a small screw driver.

Still another cause is the mandrel or cylinder upon which the record revolves being loose between its centres or bearings. Tighten up the centers until the mandrel has no end play (yet still turns easily) and the trouble will stop.

Chapter IV.

Skipping, Wavering and Discording.

It is well always to use enough pressure in adjusting a record to the mandrel to prevent its slipping. When placing the record in position always apply the pressure to the record with the third finger only, using as much pressure as the strength of the finger permits, as this will tighten the record sufficiently well to prevent its slipping and at the same time there is no danger of splitting the record as the third finger alone is not strong enough to do this. Form a habit of adjusting records in this manner and you will save yourself much annoyance.

The record if loose on the mandrel, slips toward the end of it and in so doing causes the reproducer point to jump out of the track into the one it has already traversed. This causes the machine to stutter or repeat. The slipping of a record on its mandrel is sometimes caused by the expansion of the record, due to its being colder than the mandrel. The wax material of which a record is composed is affected by heat and cold to the extent that when cold the wax contracts and when warm it expands; this changes

the bore of the record which is thus reduced or enlarged. If a record (which has been subjected to a colder temperature than the temperature surrounding the machine,) is placed on the mandrel of the machine, the record, being colder than the mandrel, will expand by reason of its being affected by the higher temperature. This will cause it to slip no matter how tightly it may have been placed on the mandrel. If on the other hand the record is warm and the mandrel cold, the record will stick and trouble will be experienced in removing it.

It is always advisable to allow the records and machine to stand a few moments in the same temperature when there is trouble of this kind. If the record should stick on the mandrel don't try to force it off or attempt to drive it loose with a hammer (the writer has heard of this being tried) for if you do there can be only one result, "You're a record out."

Now as I have said before the record contracts when cold and expands when warm; so if the record is stuck on the mandrel, it has simply contracted. All that is necessary to do to remove it is apply a little heat and expansion follows. You cannot apply the flame of a candle to so delicate a substance but heat will do the trick and it is performed in this manner. Take a piece of thin paper, wrap it once around the record to protect it; then grip the record with the hand; presenting as much of the surface of the hand to the record as possible and turn the mandrel around in your hand; this allows the heat from your hand to warm the record. It may take only a moment to loosen the record and it may take several moments but this method will surely loosen the tightest record.

(To be continued)

HOW TO GET WORKINGMEN TO CHURCH.

A preacher in one of London's old-fashioned city churches has solved the problem of bringing workmen to worship. He conducts service daily. A few weeks ago only a dozen attended and now there is an average daily attendance of 600.

This has been achieved by installing under the pulpit a huge brass instrument called the "monsterphone," which plays music, not necessarily sacred, and also delivers addresses and sermons. It repeated yesterday an utterance of the Archbishop of Canterbury couched in simple and telling language. A great white sheet has been drawn across the back of the church and a stereopticon operates thereon. An official explains the pictures by means of a speaking trumpet. The preacher, the Rev. Mr. Carlisle, has increased the attractions by installing a string band of perform pieces known to every household.—*Special Cable Despatch to The Sun.*

CLEVER GIRL.

The critical moment had come. He knelt on the carpet.

"Darling," he whispered, "will you be my wife?"

Just then a deep voice from a corner answered, "Yes, yes, yes, yes!" a dozen times.

"What does that mean?" gasped the astonished suitor.

"It means," replied the fair girl, "that papa forbade me answering in the affirmative when you proposed. However, this did not deter me from employing a Phonograph to take my place."—*London Answers.*

The PHONOGRAM

MONTHLY

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Published by HERBERT A. SHATTUCK for those interested in the arts of recording and reproducing sound. ¶ A very Special Department will be devoted to all Questions and Answers relating to Phone, Graphs, Grams, and Scopes. Correspondence welcomed by him



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¶ I thought I heard a Bluebird sing the other day. "Is it possible" I mused. "If I really did, it must be Spring." So I consulted my calendar and my tablets and discovered that it really *was* Springtime and also that my April PHONOGRAM was in need of a fitting sub-editor. Hence the Blue Bird.

¶ Several new Subscribers have written: "Why THE BIRD?" and "What's THE BIRD got to do with it?" and "I can't make THE BIRD out. Please explain." Friends, one and all, I *will* explain, by re-printing the following paragraph from December Bird Notes.

¶ THE BIRD is just a literary freak. The *New York Sun* once had as office cat; and in the days of the elder DANA it was an almost defied beast. It ate up undesirable MSS, it passed upon questions of syntax and prosody, it was held responsible for proofreader's errors and editorial lapses. Why shouldn't I have *Birds* as editorial companions? So I shall continue. Each month I shall call upon a different Bird to lend its individuality to my periodical. Its plumage determines the Color scheme for the month of its editorial dominance. Its manner of nest building is displayed in the make-up of the magazine. Its habits of song, flight and feeding are reflected in the style and character of the Gram, Graph and Scope items which I present, monthly, for your intellectual sustenance. So, now, friends one and all, you have my explanation of THE BIRD. Sufficeth it?

¶ The *Order of the Phonogram* is a Society for the Mutual Good and Theoretical Advantage of all Talking Machine Owners. We who are in it from the start are all lovers of

the Phonograph. It has no rules or by-laws; they will come later. Its Purposes are Fellowship, the Interchange of Ideas and the Widening of the Scope and Field of the Phonograph, Kinetoscope and Kindred Devices.

The PHONOGRAM is the official handbook of the ORDER.

¶ Would be Eligibles may become Members by following these suggestions. Here is the Gateway; it has three Bars.

The first Bar is easily taken down. One must be a subscriber to THE PHONOGRAM.

The second Bar is likewise easy. A Writing of merit on some Phonograph Theme (containing 299 words—no more) must be contributed; this writing to be of general interest to Members of the ORDER, to other subscribers who are not yet Members and to all other Enthusiasts who have not yet enrolled themselves (each with thirty cents).

The third Bar of the Gateway is as follows. Since the Interchange of Ideas is one of the Purposes of the ORDER, and as there can be little Interchange between widely separated Members without a Medium to effect said Interchange, the Support of THE PHONOGRAM is a necessity. Each Eligible, therefore shall constitute himself a Storm Center for Subscriptions and shall not rest content until he hath gathered together Five Kindred Spirits and hath forwarded their names (each with thirty cents attached) together with his Theme and his own subscription.

¶ The taking down of the above three Bars will open the Gateway to the *Order of the Phonogram*. The Decoration and Certificate will be duly forwarded to each new member, his name will be placed on the Roll of Honor and he shall be accorded every Theoretical Advantage bestowable.

(Continued on page two twenty-two)

¶ Drop in some afternoon or evening as you are passing, and ask to hear these New Edison Records. Listen to some of the old stand-bys also. The Art of Record making is improving all the time; and if you could but hear some old time Record, made by the New Process, that has been listed in the Edison Catalogues for years, you would most certainly buy it; and get as much enjoyment and pleasure in hearing it over and over in your own home as you would in meeting an old friend.

NEW EDISON RECORDS.

Both Standard and Concert Records may be ordered from this list.

- | | | | |
|------|------------------------------------|-------------------------|-------------|
| 7765 | My Charcoal Charmer | Quartette | Big 4 |
| 7766 | There's where my heart is to-night | " | Big 4 |
| 7742 | Hearts and Flowers | Orchestra | P |
| 7743 | Casey as a Sailor | Recitation | Wh |
| 7744 | While the Band is playing Dixie | Song | Mac |
| 7745 | When the Swallows homeward fly | Sent'l song | Kel |
| 7746 | Onward Christian Soldiers | Male Quartette | E Q |
| 7747 | Bird Imitations | Whistling | Bel |
| 7748 | Fantasie Carnival of Venice | Clarinet | Tu |
| 7749 | Just the same as long ago | Duet | Kel and Bi |
| 7750 | Coon, Coon, Coon | Comic duet | Co and Na |
| 7751 | Shultz on Teddy Roosevelt | Recitation | Ken |
| 7752 | Day by Day | Sentimental song | Na |
| 7753 | Mike, Mike, Mike, | Comic song | Bon |
| 7754 | Marooney and his Bike | Comic Irish Duet | Co & Na |
| 7755 | Oh' such a business | Comic Hebrew Duet | Co & Na |
| 7756 | I want to be a Military man | Song from Floradora | Q |
| 7757 | Hunky Dory Cakewalk | Banjo solo | Bro |
| 7758 | Tell me pretty Maiden | Duet. Floradora | Sp & Mac |
| 7759 | Independence Bell July 4th 1776 | Recitation, | |
| | with bell effects | | Hoo |
| 7760 | Valse Bleue | Great Paris Success | Orchestra P |
| 7761 | My Charcoal Charmer | Orchestra | P |
| 7762 | Oh, Oh, Miss Phoebe | Comic song | Du |
| 7763 | Speedway March | Band | E |
| 7764 | Longing for Home | Das Heimweh Violin solo | D'A |

NEW EDISON RECORDS (*Concluded*).

7767	Ben Bolt	"	Big 4
7768	Molly Molloy	<i>Sentimental song</i>	Kel
7769	Gibson March	<i>Dulcimer solo</i>	Roy Gibson
7770	Rosetzky March	" "	" "
7771	7th Ohio Regiment March	" "	" "
7772	Ben Hur Chariot Race March	<i>Whistling solo</i>	Bel
7773	When Knighthood was in Flower	<i>Waltz</i>	Orch P
7774	Since Ma Linda Hinda's in the Syndicate		
	<i>Sung in Peter Dailey's Hodge, Podge & Co</i>		De
7775	The New World	<i>Sacred song</i>	Organ Accomp Na
7776	The Everlasting Light	" "	" " Na
7777	The Resurrection	" "	" " Mad
7778	Jerusalem	" "	" " Mad
12165	Deseos	<i>Spanish song</i>	V
12166	De tu Patria	<i>Spanish song from Traviata</i>	V
12167	A Biss'l von Oeben	<i>Hebrew song</i>	Do
12168	Die Lady von Broadway	" "	Do
12169	Hymno Nacional Mexicano	<i>Spanish song</i>	V
12170	La Fiesta del Guajiro	" "	V
12171	Laengsel	<i>Norwegian song</i>	Ole Paullsen
12172	Noekken	" "	" "
12173	Norske National Sang	" "	" "
12174	La Marcha de Cadiz	<i>Spanish song</i>	Va
12175	Habanera Carmen	" "	Va
12176	Si j'etais roi	<i>French song</i>	Beg
12177	Jota de la Madre del Cordero	<i>Spanish song</i>	V
12178	Soledad en la Verbena de la Paloma	" "	V
N 4700	California Minstrels	<i>Minstrels</i>	Min
N 4701	Alabama Troubadours	" "	" "
N 4703	Reminiscences of Blackface	" "	" "

Order Records by **NUMBER** (*Not by Title*).

Order Concert Records by **No. and LETTER C.**

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(Continued from page two nineteen)

¶ The Decoration is a Prize, as a Reward of Merit for the Theme of two hundred and ninety-nine words (no more). Every Certificate of the ORDER is registered, and is printed in purple, black and gold on fine vellum. The Decoration is the badge of the ORDER—a bird of such color as the jeweler may elect (bearing in its beak a white scrit or scroll) superposed, with a large black S on a golden bush.

¶ Here, therefore, is the Roll of Honor of the ORDER:

Mr. Openeer.

Cal Stewart

John Wright, of Hackensack, N. J.

Eugene Lee.

Col. K. L. Watt.

Carolus Broome.

Mr. Charles B. Rutan.

Russell Murray.

Rev. S. Thomas Williams.

Alfred Shadowgraph Jackson.

C. W. Noyes.

Auguste Giraldi, of Flatbush, N. Y.

James Kinetoscope White.

and Herbert A. Shattuck.

And who will be the next?

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¶ The Shadowgraph on page 196 is what might be termed a blue-print of A. L. Sweet, Cornet Virtuoso. He is one of the finest. His execution is pleasing and bewildering.

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